

OUR DUMB

MAY

1947

# Animals

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THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS  
and the  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Publication office, 48 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Entered as Second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 80—No. 5

# Animals

MAY, 1947

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868  
PUBLISHED BY

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## About Legislation

WE hope our readers outside of Massachusetts will pardon us this month while we discuss our legislative accomplishments in the Bay State.

Of outstanding importance was the passage of a bill, introduced by our Society, which henceforth will prohibit the sale and display of colored baby chicks and ducklings, and at the same time will limit the sale of these young creatures to lots of six. This should end the needless suffering these unfortunate animals were often subjected to, especially at Easter time.

Our Society strongly opposed a bill which would have opened Mt. Greylock to the hunters. At this writing we have every reason to believe the bill will not pass.

Another piece of legislation, if permitted to become law, would have made it impossible for the Society to have handled any stray dogs, but following our vigorous opposition this bill was withdrawn.

We cannot review our legislative efforts without a sense of deep appreciation to all our members and friends who so loyally and promptly wrote letters and supported our work. To Mr. Joseph Mooney of our staff, in charge of our legislative program, must also go special thanks for his tireless work and devoted attention to these matters. Without the combined efforts of all concerned we could not have succeeded.

E. H. H.

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# Fawns Befriended

*This is a story sent to us by Mr. John Holt, of Plympton, Massachusetts. As you read it, you will come to understand just what kindness can accomplish. But here is Mr. Holt's story, in his own words:*

**E**ARLY last spring, our son who had just been released from the Navy was ploughing in one of our fields and almost ran over a baby fawn that had apparently been abandoned there by its own parents. He climbed down from the tractor and picked the little thing up in his arms.

It was too weak even to hold up its head, so my son carried it home and Mrs. Holt fixed a place by the kitchen stove, using a bushel basket and several thicknesses of flannel. Then, she found that the little creature was too weak to take nourishment and she spent several hours feeding it with warm milk from an eye dropper, getting up at all hours of the night to repeat the feedings. In two or three days, the little fawn perked up most encouragingly and we then put him on a baby bottle. Very soon after that, he was up on his feet and running around.

It was then that I wrote to the State Game Warden asking permission to raise the fawn. He not only gave us permission, but also called us to ask

if we would accept the responsibility of raising another orphan fawn which a game warden had found on Cape Cod. They delivered the second fawn to us in much the same condition as the first one and Mrs. Holt had to use the same feeding methods again, and the second one, also, responded.

The two became wonderful house pets and would curl up beside any of the family as we sat on the davenport and, at night, they would sleep beside our two dogs. The dogs, by the way, became their fast friends and protectors and even the cat was friendly.

In about six weeks they became too big to have in the house continually, so we built them a large run, half of which is in the woods and half on our front lawn. We called them "Billy" and "Butch" and they learned very soon to respond to their names.

Although they are quite large now and have lost their pretty white spots, they are still wonderful pets and we made a movie film of them playing with the children, the dogs, the cow and the chickens. We have built a shelter for them in the middle of their run, using pine slabs which we covered with three loads of good hay. They can walk right into their own home under the haystack in cold weather and munch hay to their hearts' content.



"Billy," when he was a week old, rubbing noses with "Brock," a 14-year-old part shepherd dog on the Jack Holt farm.

## Here and There

**C**CULTURE is one thing and varnish, another. There can be no high culture without pure morals. With the truly cultured man,—the maiden, the orphan, the poor man, and the hunted slave feel safe.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

## Thank You

*The following excerpt from a letter of a friend warmed our hearts and imbued us with greater determination to live up to such a glowing tribute.*

**W**HILE enclosing my annual dues and a tiny gift for the work of your Society, I must send a word of gratefulness for the work being done by you, wonderful friends of animals. The perfect blend of sympathy and intelligence (untainted by sentimentalism), the friendliness toward man and beast, the courage and the industry which symbolize your Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, are matters to hug to one's heart in these times—or any times."

## General and His Dog

**M**UCH impressed by an incident showing the love of General George C. Marshall for his dog, "Pontiac," President Hansen wrote to Mrs. Marshall asking for permission to publish a quotation from her recent book. A gracious letter of consent was received and our readers will be interested in the following quotation from the book, "Together," by Katherine Tupper Marshall, published by Tupper & Love, Inc.

"When we arrived in front of our quarters, 'Pontiac' was on hand, held on a leash by an orderly. The troops were standing at the 'present.' George got out of the car to acknowledge the salute as the band played the customary ruffles and 'The General.' But when 'Ponty' saw his master he gave one leap, broke the leash and landed square on George's chest, all but knocking him down. Then he ran like mad in and out of the formation, jumping upon the soldiers, throwing his whole body first against one and then another. He completely disrupted the ceremony. The Colonel was a very military man and there was murder in his eye. His face was a study—anyone could see he would gladly have thrown 'Ponty' into the Columbia River. He did not realize that such a welcome from his dog meant more to George Marshall than any formal reception that could have been given him."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Out on a limb, Mr. Ringtail willingly poses for his picture.

*Distinguished in his grizzled coat, pointed nose and black mask is—*

## Ringtail, the Raccoon

By FLORENCE NELSON

**A**MONG the most friendly of all animals is that slow-moving, intelligent and trusting little creature, the raccoon, which abounds in wooded districts from Newfoundland to British Columbia, and as far south as Mexico. Wherever numerous streams, lakes or marshes occur, these animals may be found hugging the banks, swimming through the water, or wading awkwardly through the ooze of the mud. The average weight for a raccoon is about fifteen pounds, while its size is that of a cocker spaniel. It is closely related to the marten family, which comprises numerous small carnivores, including the weasels, ermines, sables, badgers, and others.

If you were to observe a raccoon as it sits on its haunches holding a morsel of food in its forepaws, while feeding, you might mistake him at a distance for a monkey which also eats in this fashion—but here all resemblance ceases, for the raccoon has a handsome, distinguished appearance with its long, brown or grizzled coat, a black mask before the eyes, a bushy, ringed tail, and pointed nose.

Saucy whiskers sprout across his narrow muzzle. He is one of the prettiest of all woodland creatures, and a most useful one, as well, for he captures quantities of mice, insects, and small reptiles which are so harmful to farmers' crops.

In April or May, from three to six kittens are born to Mrs. Raccoon in her nest in the hollow of a tree. Soon after they are able to be up and about, she takes them along with her to teach them how to fish for their food. They learn to sit motionless on the banks of a stream, watching until some fish swims near enough to the surface for it to be captured by one of the animal's long front paws. Little Mr. Raccoon next is taught how to soak his food in water to cleanse it thoroughly before putting it into his mouth. He is very fond of oysters and mussels, and can quickly crack open the hard shells with his strong teeth. With such varied diet, he need never go hungry, for if one kind fails, there are plenty of others for him to turn to.

His mother will also teach him many other things besides these. He will learn

how to claw the bark of a tree with his five-toed, sharp feet, and to climb like a bear, both up and down the trunk. The little raccoon is fond of padding along the soft river bank, and, being of a highly inquisitive nature, will often stop along the way to investigate any strange object he may see there. When he is about a year old, he will leave the family nest and go out on his own. There is no animal that gets more fun out of life than this creature does, and he only quiets down when cold weather comes and it is time to go to sleep for the winter.

The cacomistle, which is closely related to the raccoon (also called raccoon fox, civet cat and ringtailed cat) is found in Mexico and from Texas to California, north to Oregon. It is often tamed and when brought into the home, makes a lovable pet. But even though they are treated with every kindness, the instinct of these wild creatures would lead them to prefer the open spaces rather than to live within man-made walls, if they were given the choice.

## ANIMAL LORE

The  
**PENGUIN**  
OSTRICH, RHEA,  
EMU, CASSOWARY  
AND KIWI ARE  
BIRDS THAT  
CAN NOT FLY.

SAINT  
JOHN



## Animals in Our Names

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

**W**ESTERN Europe pioneered the use of family names. There were few in the ancient world and none at all in Biblical history, of course. Anglo-Saxons began the custom of borrowing the names of places, things, and occupations for this purpose.

They even called the roll of the animal world for ideas. Thus, we still have such family names as Fox, Wolfe, Hogg and Buck as reminders of our four-legged friends. The feathered creatures are remembered by Robin, Swallow, Bird and Byrd, and the finny ones by Salmon, Herring, Trout and Fish, to mention just a few.

This sort of thing also accounts for such variants as Wolfson and Turnbull. Scottish legend has it that a farmer gained the latter name when he stopped or "turned," a bull aside that was about to charge a group of people.

The commonly accepted meanings of Christian names also reflects this sort of thing in many languages. The lion is thus associated with Leo, Leon and Lionel, from the Latin, with Leonidas from the Greek and Leonard from the German language.

The wolf was responsible for Adolph and Rudolph in the Old High German, a tongue that also associated Arnold with the high-flying eagle. The bear produced Bernard and the dog gave us Caleb, while the raven is linked with Ingram and the dove with Jonah and Jonas in the Hebrew tongue.

The old Celtic name of Owen is associated with the lamb, though few of the old Celts were themselves lamblike in their dealings with neighboring clans and tribes. The Greek name of Philip is linked with the horse and Napoleon is another that goes back to the lion.

This sort of thing, though, has almost unlimited possibilities in one way or another. Thumb the pages of any telephone or city directory and you run across many similar reminders of our friends of animal land. The forest dwelling Anglo-Saxons left a more enduring heritage than they realized when they started this custom of going back to nature.

## "Marge" and I

By ROBERT MARTIN

**M**ARGE" and I were walking through the park, with Marge leading the way through the throngs of grown-ups and children who had come out to bask in the Saturday afternoon sunshine. Marge spotted an empty bench and we sat down to become another of the many.

A little boy, playing nearby, missed a thrown ball, and came over near us to retrieve it. Upon seeing Marge, he walked to our bench and asked her name. As people always seemed to do, he took an immediate liking to her.

Marge had an attraction about her that made new-won friends forget about formalities and being something they weren't. The way she would look at you with her soft eyes made you know right away that she wasn't the type that would turn against you, but would always remain a true friend and companion.

I had found this out long ago. There had been many other women in my life, but after Marge and I had met, I knew that there would never be another for me. And now, she was mine.

It's funny how a man, getting up into years as I am, can think back about all the people that had done him good as well as harm. He gets to be a dreamer and applies all the bad against the good and then begins to realize what he now has is much more than someone else less fortunate. I have Marge. She has never once done a thing that could be considered as harm. Her faithfulness and ability to be always nearby when I need her makes her more to me than just another woman. She is someone to take care of me and one for me to love.

I could feel the shadows lengthening, so Marge and I arose from the bench and started home. I am very content and happy. I am happy to be living in a free land with people who are good and sincere—good and sincere, like Marge.

This is a good life and I have everything—well, practically everything. You see, I'm a blind man, but I have Marge. Marge is my seeing-eye dog.



There is a statute in Charlotte, North Carolina, that forbids anyone to wash horses on the city streets.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



ONE evening, as I was washing dishes, my attention was caught by a steady rhythmic bumping noise at the kitchen door, and I looked out to see a tan and white dog thumping his tail energetically in greeting. Some neighborhood pet, I thought, but he looked a little forlorn, so I gave him the scraps from supper and promptly forgot about him.

But next morning when I went out in the yard he was still there, a bit shy and hesitant but awfully eager to be friends, just waiting for the word from me.

"Why don't you go home," I said ungraciously, and he looked so crestfallen I just had to reach down and pat him by way of amendment. Maybe he didn't have a home. But I certainly didn't want him, and he needn't think he could thrust himself upon me.

That evening he was still present; so there was nothing to do but give him some supper, and next morning he greeted me as I opened the door.

Now, I do not care for mongrels, at least I always said so, and this dog was the head of that class. His legs were definitely dachshund, and his body was a little bit dachshund only shortened in the rear, but his head was something else again and so were his ears. He wasn't even a good color; sandy was more the proper adjective. I tried it on him. "Sandy!" And he beamed at me good-naturedly.

He wasn't the kind of dog I would have chosen in a hundred years. I want a dog you don't have to feel apologetic about when company comes. A dog about whom you can say loftily, "Here are his papers. He is So-and-So, out of 'What's-Her-Name.' Wonderful breed. Wins top prizes in the dog shows every year."

Nobody would ever be able to say anything like that about Sandy. I planned all sorts of things to do with him. I would give him to some nice little boy; or I'd let a peddler have him; or I would give him to the farmer who brought my vegetables once a week. I might even call the pound master. I even had hopes that he would go away as quietly and as mysteriously as he had appeared. But night after night he slept on an old coat I had thrown on the back porch, and day after day he sunned himself in the yard.

I fumed and fussed to myself. I should have known better than ever to feed a stray. Give a tramp dog a good meal and he thinks he has come home, at last. One morning I went out to give him a bit of roast, and while I was still on the steps, Sandy stood up on his hind legs and began a sedate little dance. Around and around he went in slow motion. A dancing dog! Well, at least a performing dog. And tricks denoted intelligence.

I sat down on the steps to think the situation over, and Sandy came and sat beside me as though awaiting judgment. Well, he was a nice enough dog. Just no beauty that was all. I turned to him. "What else can you do?" I asked belligerently. "Can you shake hands? How-do-you-do, Sandy," I said, and held out my hand. He promptly proffered a large, soft paw. Then, for the next thirty minutes, every time I looked at him, he wanted to shake hands.

"We'll see," I promised, and for the following three weeks I refused to admit that Sandy was accepted. He had no such doubts about his destiny. He became proud and possessive, barking at the laundryman, running other dogs out of the yard and getting under my feet in an ecstasy of love when I walked through the yard. I watched him one day. He acted as though he were in a dog show and was being judged on twenty points and was certain of winning them all. This new dignity was too much for me. I felt a warm little glow beginning far back in my heart.

"Sandy," I said, "come here and shake hands."

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# By Way of the Back Door

*by Marquerite Nixon*



He wasn't much as dogs go, but he wriggled himself right into my heart.



### Curious Cat By DAISY G. ROBERTS

**W**HOEVER heard of a cat drinking from a goldfish bowl—with live fish in it—and never attempting to devour them?

Well, one "Kitty Cotton," owned by an Idaho resident, Mrs. Lou Heller, of Twin Falls, does just that.

Fascinated by the two colorful, darting fish in the bowl on the sun porch, Kitty Cotton hops up on the table and watches them for long periods at a time. Then, this feline stretches his neck over and quenches his thirst from the water in the bowl.

When first observed, Kitty Cotton was in the act of jumping down from the table which held the fish bowl. Fearing the worst had happened, Mrs. Heller scolded the cat and rushed over to find that both fish were swimming about as lively as ever.

Thereafter, the cat was carefully watched, and when he neared the fish bowl, the whole family was amazed to see that he made no attempt to catch the fish. He just wanted a drink of water from the bowl! He scorns his own water dish.

Kitty Cotton apparently enjoys watching the fish and this unusual habit is the talk of all the youngsters in the neighborhood. They frequently gather to watch this very unusual cat, who, after all, is just a very plain, ordinary cat.

### Boy Rescues Dog

**D**OWN in Asheville, N. C., Mickey Richardson was doing an errand one day recently when he saw a collie struck by a passing taxi. The taxi didn't stop, but Mickey did something about it. He took off his coat, wrapped it carefully over the dog and sat with it until help came. Taken to a veterinary hospital the injured animal was treated and was on the road to recovery in no time at all. Mickey went to see him and since the dog was wearing no identification and was not claimed, Mickey has now become the proud owner. Congratulations, Mickey.

# Jim Crow, Hero

By SIDNEY E. JOHNSON

**L**ET experts on ornithology debate the question of whether or not "Jim Crow" was impelled by reason or instinct, when he did what he did. I shall not attempt to answer it. I will merely relate a story, already thrice told, yet, perhaps, worth the retelling.

Jim appreciated the fact that he was endowed, almost with human speech, and all day his jabberings expressed the fact. Yet, there was something behind his monotonous palaver; for when his master, a good-hearted old Quaker farmer who helped everyone, no matter how he was requited, gave a ragged tramp a meal and a bed in the straw room of his barn, the crow looked on with eyes of disapproval. Instinctively, he saw something sinister and treacherous about the man. In old-fashioned English, as with Dr. Fell, in fact, and Stevenson's Mr. Hyde in fiction, he gave Jim, at least, "a turn."

So, he hopped down from his snug nest at the top of the pigeon cote, hid in the straw room and with round bird's eyes of aversion, watched the tramp empty a half pint bottle, listened to his unmusical songs and maudlin mutterings, saw him light a pipe amid the dry straw. When, in sleep, the tramp rolled onto a horse blanket, the lighted pipe tumbling from his teeth, that was enough for Jim. He flew to his master's window, beat on it

with his wings, roaring, "Fire!" at the top of his deep-timbered, raucous crow voice.

"Brutus," the big Newfoundland, helped, also, by hurling himself against the kitchen door and making the yard ring with his barking. But, when the tramp ran out, hair and beard singed, clothing afire, he was unmerciful, driving him down the lane and onto the highway on a run, snarling and bristling. And woe betide that tramp had he ventured back.

Meanwhile the family had turned out in their nightclothes. Two of the sons ran a hose from the pump to the barn, and while the old couple, son-in-law, and three daughters, with buckets, emptied the stock tank on the burning straw, Jim Crow hopped about on one foot, issuing orders. Ten minutes later, when the fire was out, all was safe, and the wet, smoking straw forked into the barnyard, the family, late as it was, held a fudge party and fed the hero of the occasion, great quantities of his favorite delicacy.

Jim Crow had undoubtedly done a big thing; but alas, he was not able to wear his laurels with becoming modesty. It went to his head—he became cocky and for years lived in the fame of his feat, strutting about, telling the slower witted pigeons and barnyard fowl the story of his heroic accomplishment. Fact is, he, a biped also, was human—all too human.



GOVERNOR BRADFORD SIGNS BABY CHICK BILL

President Eric H. Hansen looks on as Governor Bradford signs bill governing the sale of Easter chicks and ducklings, which henceforth cannot be sold in quantities of less than six, or if dyed or colored.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# Tools of Their Trades

By M. L. C. HASTINGS

**E**VERY creature, big or little, has tools which he carries wherever he goes—tools to do his work in the best possible way and tools to protect him from his enemies. Even the tiny bee carries her tools.

The bees, which we see among the blossoms hunting for the sweet juices and the pollen, are the workers in the large bee colonies. Each worker carries pockets on her legs in which she stuffs the pollen which is needed in the hive or the tree, wherever she lives.

Sometimes bees get covered with sticky glue that special plants have, and they must get rid of it, else they cannot fly. Then they clean themselves with water (which is their saliva), with their legs, acting as combs, and which are made for just this purpose. On their heels, they carry brushes. So you see the bees are well equipped with all sorts of necessary tools. And, of course, all bees except males have stingers for their protection.

Woodpeckers use their strong, sharp bills as chisels, hammers and drills. They drill a hole in a tree trunk or branch for the nest. The woodpecker's tail is a stool on which he sits when he works. His neck is so made that continuous knocking on the trunk of the tree does no harm.

The beaver has four, great chisel-shaped front teeth with which he gnaws. He can cut down trees. He builds dams. His tail is used to give warning to other beavers as he flaps it up and down, but it is also used as a rudder. His hind feet are webbed to help him in swimming. The beaver is the great engineer of the animal world.

The porcupine carries his means of protection in plain sight all over his body. No animal wishes to get his sharp, barbed quills into his flesh.

Members of the cat family have tools, also. If you have a cat, you will know that he can scratch in an instant. Other tools of the cat family are the eyes, so built as to catch the slightest gleam of

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Photo, Lynwood M. Chace

Grey squirrel eating buds in the spring. Notice how he uses his tail as a balance.

light, and whiskers to warn him of places too narrow for ingress or egress.

The dog has a keen sense of smell. He can run and endure long distances. While not exactly a tool, perhaps, the dog's faithfulness to his master is one of his most outstanding characteristics.

Squirrels are equipped with teeth and jaws strong enough to crack the most stubborn nut. Their long, bushy tails help them to balance as they spring from tree to tree and swing on the slender branches.

Nature has provided her many creatures with special tools such as hooks, spears, saws, files, chisels, drills, pouches, stings, armor, stilts, claws, and so on. Can you tell which tool belongs to the different creatures? Do the wild creatures, insects, birds and animals, go to school to learn how to use all their many tools? Nature, herself, is the great teacher!

The tools of our tree-trunk birds are not the same. The little brown creeper

that comes down from the north each winter uses his tail as a stool, but it is quite different from that of the woodpecker. The bills of tree-trunk birds Nature has made for the purpose of getting insects and their eggs, from under the bark, but they differ in shape because each tool does a different piece of work.

The brown creeper's bill is long and curved. He can reach into places that woodpeckers and nuthatches cannot get. Chickadees have tiny bills, useful for eating small insects around buds and blossoms at all seasons of the year, but the bills of little kinglets are able to get into places that even the chickadee cannot reach. You will find kinglets working on the tips of pine needles.

How do insects—crickets, grasshoppers, katydids and harvest flies—make their music? It is not with the throat. Each has its special tools for this purpose. Other insects have biting or sucking mouthparts. They all have their special means of defense, too.

# Music Hath Charms



Photo, C. Martin

Kittens investigate the possibilities of a bass horn.

His master's rendition on the cornet brings a ready response.

This kitten tries it out for herself on the "baby" grand.



Photo, David W. Corson



Photo, H. Armstrong Roberts

The music of the lowly harmonica charms this friendly dog.

•

Soulful strains from the accordion have a soothing effect.



Photo, Eldrew Ruggles



"Handsome Is as . . ."

By ATHALIE DOUGLAS

ONE sunny, warm, early-spring California day I was hurrying home to get the supper ready for the family and was just about to put the key in the door of our pretty white and yellow bungalow, when a little dog appeared on the scene—only a mongrel, a dirty tannish kind of a little dog, but with a pair of brown, understanding, very understanding eyes. Just in front of the little dog on the porch was a little bit of a black kitten, mewling piteously. I was so surprised that for a minute I didn't know what to do. The little dog looked up at me questioningly as I finally opened the door.

He must have thought that I did not look quite unkind, for he picked up the kitten in his mouth, and followed me into the house, laying the kitten down gently on the rug.

The kitten continued to mew and the dog gave a few short barks. "Looks as though he's trying to tell me that the kitten is hungry," I said to myself. Then the dog wagged his stumpy tannish tail that had a whitish spot on the end. He opened his mouth a few times and almost said, "She's half starved, hurry up and get her some milk."

When I brought the kitty some milk, the little dog stood by until she had lapped up every drop from the saucer, and it didn't take her long to dispose of it.

Just then, my husband came in from work. "Where did THEY come from?" he asked.

"It looks as if this doggie found the kitten half starved, took pity on it and carried it in his mouth with the hope of finding someone who would feed it. I don't know why they stopped at our door."

"Maybe it looks like a haven for stray dogs," my husband said, but I could see that he was smiling.

Then, the mongrel dog wagged his tail furiously and went up and rubbed himself against his legs. That settled the question. I did not have to ask if I could keep the orphans.

After supper, my husband gave our new dog a good bath and when he was dried and came back into the house again he seemed like a different dog.

"Why, he almost looks handsome," I said approvingly.

"Of course, he is," said my husband as he eyed the animal with fatherly pride.

"And besides handsome is as handsome does," he added. "How about fixing up a nice bed for our adoptees?"

# When Your Dog Talks

By ADA M. MORGAN

MANY years ago, I read an account of a dog and his attempt to convey a message to human beings. I've never been able to forget it. It was a pathetic recording of how a loyal dog had tried and tried to tell various human beings that his little master needed help. He had waylaid men on their way to and from work; he had wistfully stared and pleaded with his brown eyes at women. He had greeted people; he had trotted away, turning to look back over his shoulder, trying to show his need and desire, but no one understood his language.

The next day, too late, the little master was found held fast in an old tar-pool, the faithful dog watching over him, but unable to give aid. And, then, the humans recalled the dog's actions and understood what he had been trying to say to them.

Recently, I read another account of a dog and a child. A two-year-old girl disappeared from a California ranch. For all one afternoon and evening men searched without finding a trace of her, and it was feared she had been kidnapped.

The search went on the next day with fourteen men scouring the ranch lands, but it was a nondescript ranch dog that "told" them where to find the child. The dog paused at an empty, concrete irrigation ditch and saw what no one else had noticed. He ran after the searchers and got their attention by nipping and tug-

ging at one man's trousers until they all turned back, followed, and found the little girl.

Whenever I hear people wishing their dogs could talk, I think of such dogs as these who, each talking in his own way, tried to convey messages to humans.

For each of these dogs did talk in his own language. And I doubt if the second was any smarter than the first, only, perhaps, his experiences or training had given him a keener insight into human nature and its shortcomings. Being sophisticated, he knew most humans can't catch the more subtle nuances of dog language, and so acted accordingly, while the other dog was bewildered and frustrated because his experience or training did not allow him to go further in his attempt to convey his message.

Perhaps, all his life, this dog had been trained to be quiet, considerate, and never to muss a human's clothing or person, and even in his desperate need, his well-disciplined mind could not hurdle that deeply seated barrier to action that might have startled someone into "listening" to him.

If a person will try as hard as his dog often does, to use every power he possesses to convey meaning or to understand, a mutual language will be found that will span—to an amazing degree—the barrier between animal and human.

So, don't be so sure a dog can't "talk" and you will be far better able to understand what he is saying to you!



C. Ray Morgan Photo

These two brothers readily talk between themselves and, in addition, do not find it at all difficult to convey their thoughts to human beings by action and expression.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## Honoring Dr. Rowley

AT the spring meeting of the Board of Directors of The American Humane Association, the following Resolution was adopted in acknowledgment of the great service to the cause of Humane Education which our own Dr. Rowley has rendered during his many years in humane work.

### Resolution

WHEREAS, The American Humane Association, representing more than six hundred humane organizations in this country and Canada and thousands of individuals who believe in the principles of Humane Education as a vital factor in character building, and

WHEREAS, the recent founding of The Rowley School of the Humanities at Oglethorpe University in honor of Dr. Francis H. Rowley, dean of the humane movement in this country, which provides for the teaching of Humane Education on the college level, has been acclaimed throughout the world by humanitarians and educators, now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors of The American Humane Association extends its sincere congratulations to Dr. Rowley in recognition of his achievements as a pioneer in the humane movement and expresses the hope that such a course in the humanities may be established in other colleges throughout the world, thereby heralding a new era of kindness, brotherhood and mutual helpfulness through the teaching of practical humanity to both man and beast and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That this Resolution be recorded on the minutes of this meeting and the Secretary be directed to forward a copy to Dr. Rowley.

### OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 9:30 A.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

BE SURE TO LISTEN!



Albert A. Pollard conducts new radio program.

## "Animal Club of the Air"

OUR Society is happy to announce the inauguration of a fourth regular weekly broadcast. This new program is called "Animal Club of the Air" and is conducted by our Treasurer, Albert A. Pollard, over Station WMEX, every Saturday morning, at 10:30.

This broadcast is aimed primarily for the younger group and seeks to implement our program of Humane Education. With interesting stories and timely news of happenings in humane work, Mr. Pollard endeavors to enroll the interest of those who might otherwise be unaware of our activities.

That the program has been successful is indicated by the fact that hundreds of children have enrolled in the "Club" since its beginning on March 22. This "Club" will go far toward augmenting that large group of children who, through Junior Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy assure us all that kindness to animals will endure.

We feel sure that all children will enjoy Mr. Pollard's broadcasts and urge our readers to tell their youthful acquaintances to be sure to listen. Grown-ups, too, will find interest in the many stories and will be welcomed as listeners.

## A Boy Tells of His Dog... By W. W. BUECHEL

YOU and I have read little gems of essays written by grown-ups about what their dog means to them, and about what dogs should mean to everyone else. We've read about how good it is for a child, especially a boy, to have a dog as his constant companion. But one thing I have never seen written is a little gem of an essay written by a little gem of a boy, telling in his very own limited vocabulary just what his dog means to him. I say I've never seen such an essay, I mean, until just today.

A club in Rochester, New York, recently sponsored an essay contest on the

general theme of, "What My Dog Means to Me." First prize winner was to receive a \$25 award.

Well, it seems that a little eight-year-old boy was the lucky winner. Little John Morrison composed an equally little essay that should take its rightful place among the greats of canine literature. Here is what he wrote about his dog, "Spot."

"My dog means somebody nice and quiet to be with. He does not say, 'Do' like my mother, or 'Don't' like my father, or 'Stop' like my big brother. My dog Spot and I sit together quietly, and I like him and he likes me."

# Society News



President Eric H. Hansen and the new motorcycle for Syria.

## Motorcycle for Syria

THE above picture shows President Eric H. Hansen examining the new Indian motorcycle and sidecar before shipment is made by the Indian Motorcycle Company's factory, in Springfield, Massachusetts, to Mr. Natheer B. Matta, Lebanon, Syria, the Society's representative in that country.

The vehicle, which was donated by two friends of the organization, will be used by Mr. Matta in connection with his daily activities, which consist of traveling thousands of miles each year, preaching to the natives the gospel of kindness to animals, as well as giving lectures in the schools, forming Bands of Mercy and handling various complaints of cruelty to animals that come to him.

## Unique Plan

WE feel it is but fitting to mention in our publication the splendid gesture of Dr. R. J. Burgio, podiatrist, 484 Main Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

Inasmuch as Dr. Burgio's patients include many youngsters who are afflicted with different varieties of foot trouble which require faithful exercise, he originated the idea of presenting each child who performed these exercises with a gift subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Dr. Burgio declares that this plan has met with highly favorable results, because the children are so thrilled with the pictures and stories in our magazine that they are more than anxious to carry out his instructions with regard to their afflictions.

The kindly doctor further states that it is truly gratifying when the youthful patients call to thank him for his thoughtfulness.

## Firemen Rewarded

MEMBERS of Ladder 5 and Capt. Daniel W. Shea, of Engine 12, recently received certificates of merit from our Society for the rescue of a dog at Geese Pond, near Worcester. From left to right, in the picture below, are Paul R. LaJeuneese, Harry C. Smith, our Worcester County agent, Captain Shea, Gilbert R. Gagnon, Frank J. Duff and John A. Lynch. Officer Smith is shown giving out the certificates to these kind firemen.



Agent presents awards.

## Medal Presented

ONE of our Society's medals for heroism was presented recently to Paul V. Evashousky, of Athol, who risked his life in an unsuccessful attempt to save a dog, which had broken through the ice in the Millers River.

The medal was awarded by Harry C. Smith, Worcester County agent for the Society. Mr. Evashousky almost lost his own life trying to rescue the doomed animal.

## Man Shot Dog

A COMPLAINANT stating that a dog had been shot and injured asked our Society to investigate the case. Consequently one of our officers was sent out and discovered that the accused had seen the dog near his henhouse and fired a shot at it.

Although he knew the dog had been hit and wounded, he did nothing to relieve the animal's suffering. As a result, our agent took out a summons and brought the man to court where he was fined \$50, on his own admission that cruelty had resulted from his firing on the dog and then failing to see that the animal was properly cared for when wounded.



## HUMANE EDUCATION LECTURE

Miss Olive Smith, Director of Education for the American Humane Education Society, is shown addressing a group of students at Lesley College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The young students, who are preparing to become elementary school teachers, listen intently while Miss Smith stresses the importance of Humane Education, which is so vitally needed in the school room today.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# s and Service

## Agents' Meeting

**A**T the annual meeting of the agents of our Society, held February 27, many important subjects came up for discussion, following an interesting talk given by guest speaker William Ryan, special agent for the American S.P.C.A., New York City.

Following a brief word of welcome by President Eric H. Hansen, Dr. Francis H. Rowley, long-time president of the Society, addressed the group, congratulating them on their splendid accomplishments during the past year and asking for their continued cooperation for the future.



## Winchester Report

**A** REPORT recently received from our Winchester Branch shows that over the course of a year 745 animals were cared for. This number included cats, dogs, pigeons, other birds, rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks, one muskrat, one bittern, and ducks.

Of this number, 105 animals were brought into our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital by Agent Arthur H. Bryer, for treatment or examination. Mr. Bryer estimates that he made 623 ambulance trips in behalf of animals, covering a total of 4270 miles.



OUR SOCIETY'S PROSECUTING OFFICERS AND SHELTER MANAGERS

(Left to right, top row) Harold G. Andrews, Joseph E. Haswell, Charles E. Brown, Fred T. Vickers, Herbert Liscomb, William J. Lees, John T. Brown, and Harry Smith. (Left to right, bottom row) Harvey R. Fuller, Howard Willand, L. Willard Walker, Chief Officer, Harry L. Allen, Herman N. Dean.

May 1947

## Proud Canine

**A** LOWELL canine, "Tuppy" by name, is as proud as a king, for he sports a medal from our Society for his heroic deed of saving his mistress, Miss Katherine Chadwick, from death by smoke and flame, when fire broke out in the family residence.

Chosen to present the medal to Tuppy was Mr. James H. Gilmore, agent of the Lowell Humane Society. Mr. Gilmore praised the dog's deed highly and maintained that if ever a dog deserved recognition Tuppy is that dog.



A medal is given



Boston Daily Record

Waiting for the doctor.



## Governor Vetoes Bill

**I**N response to a telegram sent by our Societies in protest against a proposed legalizing dog racing in New Mexico, President Hansen received a letter from Governor Thomas J. Mabry, reading in part as follows:

"You will be glad to know I have vetoed the bill which would have legalized dog racing in New Mexico."



## Goose Pulling

**A** LETTER from *Time* magazine in reply to a comment on an article appearing in that magazine, sent by President Hansen reads as follows:

"The Southern gentlemen soon found that their barbaric 'Sport' found no favor in South Carolina or out. In our March 17 issue, we ran a follow-up on the inhuman goose-pulling episode, noting that indignant letters had poured into the state's newspapers and the S. P. C. A. had requested a warrant charging the president of the club with cruelty to animals.

"It seems unlikely that goose-pulling will ever again be revived, and we appreciated your own eloquent protest."



## Shut in Car

**I**N response to a complaint that a St. Bernard was shut in a car night and day, our agent investigated and found the dog in good health. The front window on one side was open to admit air and a dish of food was available. Our agent, however, ordered the owner to provide better quarters.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



### A Real Helper

By Sara Thomas (Age 8)

A very deaf friend of my grandmother has a pet and companion, a Dalmatian dog. One day "Danny," the dog, trotted to her, nudged her with his black nose and pulled at her skirt. She got up from her chair and followed him. He led her to the telephone.

On taking down the receiver, she heard the voice of a friend coming over the wire. Ever since then, no maid has the trouble of looking for her all over the big house, for Danny always lets her know.



### My Dog, "Spot"

By Lois Jane Allen (Age 11)

My dog's name is "Spot." Every time we won't take her somewhere in the car, she sits on her bed, holding her ears back, and pouts.

I have a bicycle, which Spot runs at and bites at. I don't think she likes anything that moves.

Spot has two spots on her sides and a spot where her tail starts. I think the thing she likes to do best is to run and play.



### My Collie

By Judy Ann Roderick

I have a dog. Her name is "Lassie." She is a Collie. Every morning she wakes me up.

I play hide and seek with her, but she always finds me. She is a smart dog.

You should see her when the snow comes. She likes to play in the snow.

Every night I put her to bed on the couch.



## Boy and Dog

**J**OHNS Starr Craig, shown above with his much-beloved dog, signed up to work for Uncle Sam back in 1942 at the age of three. He appeared on all eight war loan drives and sold over a million dollars worth of war bonds. He has also solicited money for the Red Cross, United War Fund Drives, Polio Drives, U.S.O.

Exceptionally talented, John has appeared on radio programs in Boston, over Stations WCOP and WMEX and has made over one thousand hospital appearances.

For his services, he was made an Honorary Captain of the U. S. Air Force, Honorary Colonel of the 26th Division, also honorary member of the Bataan and Corregidor Division.

The following poem expresses John's sentiments and is dedicated to his dog.

### My Dog

*To some folks, he is "just another dog,"  
But to me, who watched him grow more dear  
Each day; more like an understanding friend,  
His eyes are bright, his bark an echo clear.*

*To strangers, he is a watch dog, guarding home,  
To us, a member of the family,  
Who understands each word said to him  
Whose food and rest is planned carefully.*

*To others, he is "just another dog,"  
To me, my beloved friend who shares my day;  
Whose tail has language that I understand  
Whose dancing feet is music on their way,  
And in my heart, he lives and always will.*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



Here is Mother Cat with her two families.

## Cat Adopts Rats

By LOUISE PRICE BELL

**L**ITTLE Barbara Baldwin had a mother cat whom she loved. She also had a pair of white rats which were tame and a part of the Baldwin household. At almost the same time, Mother Cat had four baby kittens and Mother Rat had eight baby rats. Right after the rats were born something happened to the two older rats, and the babies were left all alone. The entire Baldwin family was upset; they didn't want the baby rats to starve to death and they tried to feed the eight wriggling rats by means of an eye-dropper. But it was quite a task and took a great deal of time. Besides, it wasn't very satisfactory.

So small Barbara wondered if Mother Pussy—happily feeding her little brood in a big pasteboard box—wouldn't look after the poor little rats. She carried the wee creatures to Pussy's box—and at once the mother took over the infants, and has been feeding and caring for them ever since.

If cats can be worried, Mother Pussy surely must be, for the rats scoot over and around the little kittens, fighting hungrily for their dinners. Sometimes the kittens win out for the baby rats are only two inches long from the tips of their little pink noses to their tails.

May 1947

## Wishing

By MARIE Z. JELLIFFE

*I'd like to go where the sheep stand still  
Way up high on a tall green hill.  
I wish I could go to the foot and see  
A little white bunny wait there for me.  
It would be grand to fly in the sky  
And gather the stars as they pass by;  
Or catch a sunbeam and ride away  
On a rosy cloud almost each day;  
But here I must stay near a garden bed  
And play among all the flowers, instead.  
Perhaps, beneath a green leaf shelf  
I'll find there hidden a fairy elf.  
What fun for me if he stays to play,  
And comes there to see me every day.*



So that's how I look!

Photo, E. W. Gustafson



## Twilight Time in the Rowley Ward

**T**WILIGHT time—and the hush of evening had settled down. Within the white walls was a feeling of repose and surcease from suffering. Where but a few short hours before had been merciful activity, now the atmosphere was snug with sounds of deep and peaceful breathing.

For warm under their white blankets were twenty quiet bodies, quiet save for the rhythmic breathing of healing sleep. One stepped lightly in the Rowley Ward for fear of waking the sleeping animals. And one walked in the twilight rather than risk the click of a button and the brilliance of light. For these bodies had known pain. It was a monstrous truck that bore down on the big English setter in the first cage, whose bruises were lightly swathed in bandages. It was a struggle with a stronger adversary that made necessary a wide, bulging wrapping on the Scottie's head. In the opposite cage, a mongrel of uncertain ancestry snored in complete relaxation, for he, too, had been bruised by a thoughtless driver.

One long, pendulous ear of a fox hound laid lightly across his nose, so that he made a slight gurgling sound as he breathed. It was a happy ripple—perhaps he was chasing an imaginary rabbit in his sleep. Beyond was a tiny bundle of white fur, a Spitz, whose youth-

ful owner was so overjoyed with a Christmas puppy that she dropped it in sheer ecstasy. The fracture has been set—nature and patient nursing will do the rest.

Over in the corner where the shadows were deepest, a tawny Great Dane lay. His powerful body was pathetic in its weakness. He, too, slept under a white blanket—four strong paws and the tip of a long sweeping tail showed under the covering. His was not an accident, but surgery for a chronic affliction.

Came a muffled rumbling, like the deep-throated cacophony of frogs softened to an obligato by the sound-defying room. A few stealthy steps down the corridor disclosed the source—a plump white English bulldog. Engulfed in the Land of Anesthesia.

A figure in white came out of the shadows—a doctor on his round of mercy. Deft fingers lightly touching a body—turning a head—moving a splint. Another figure—a nurse—aiding the doctor—charting temperatures—checking respiration—giving medication.

A collie stirs in the roomy cage on the right—wistfully hoping—calling attention—and so sure of it—the deft hands respond—penicillin—every three hours—condition fair—fever subsiding.

The door softly opens—the animal carrier is quietly wheeled in—a tan



Dr. A. R. Evans and nurse in the Rowley Ward of our Springfield Hospital.

spaniel is gently lifted to an open cage—deft hands again—and again a white blanket—such peaceful sleeping—such care for tomorrow.

So many more there were, big and little, black and white, brown and yellow, heads charting the colors, curved bodies under white blankets. Asleep!

The nurse stays, watchfully waiting. A silent good night wave—the door was softly closed on the Rowley Ward, at twilight time!

—Charlena Kibbe

## The Tailless One . . . . . By DEE WOODS

**K**REOLA is a pert black dog with shaded brown markings. He has led such an adventurous three years of life that almost any pedigreed dog would gladly change places with him.

On first acquaintance Kreola seems just an unusually friendly little dog with appealing ways and good manners. Later, it is noticed that he is a unique member of his family because of his being born without a tail.



"Kreola," the tailless one.

Kreola—a Portuguese word meaning tailless one—first saw the light of day in Belem, Brazil. He has traveled over 70,000 miles by air. He has lived on three continents, South America, Africa and North America.

If he could speak words he would probably tell you that the first thing he remembers is his friend, "Lt. Pip Squeak." From the time Kreola was six weeks old, this macaco verde, or green squirrel monkey, was the dog's constant companion.

When the dog was a year old he scarcely made a move without Lt. Pip Squeak riding on his back. The monkey would stretch along Kreola's back, clasping his arms about the dog's neck and twisting his toes into the hairs of the dog's hind quarters. Although Kreola would often dash over the ground at full speed, his rider was never unseated.

Their owner was a mechanic of the Military Transport Division of Eastern Airlines and the two animals slept in a hangar at the field where the ocean-flying planes landed.

One day, Lt. Pip Squeak caught a cold which developed into pneumonia. Despite every effort, no remedy seemed to

help the little monkey.

Kreola did not understand where Lt. Pip Squeak had gone or why. Soon, however, other things engaged the dog's attention for he flew across the Atlantic with his master.

Kreola is one of the very few dogs ever to land on Ascension Island and very few animals have as much flying time as he has—especially in a Curtis Commando.

This Brazilian dog likes North America. He likes any place inhabited by his master. He is a smart animal, readily adapts himself and can enter almost any screen door that is not latched. Orders given Kreola are obeyed at once and his understanding vocabulary is large.

Having lived all his life around motors, his ears are sensitively attuned to both planes and cars. He never appears to notice any automobile except the one his master currently owns. Instantly that engine starts, the dog races to the car, ready to go with it.

It is apparent that Kreola does not know he is different from other dogs. Long white hair grows from the spot where tails on dogs are wont to be. Beneath the fur, immediately above this hair, is a lump or stub. When he is excited or pleased, the stub ripples back and forth beneath the skin. Certainly, Kreola thinks he is wagging a tail.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## 1946 Bound Volumes

Just received from the bindery is a limited supply of the complete 1946 edition of *Our Dumb Animals*, with attractive binding and gold letters.

Here is a permanent reference of 240 pages, with approximately 200 story-telling pictures, informative articles on nature and animal care, and appealing verse.

Price — \$1.50 each

## Button, Button----?

Yes, buttons are here again!

Do you remember the attractive celluloid button we used to stock—that with the animal group design in full color?

It is once again available in three styles—bearing the inscriptions, Band of Mercy, Humane Society, or S.P.C.A. In addition, we can also furnish Band of Mercy buttons consisting of a white star on a dark blue background with gold border and lettering.

Price — two cents each.

Send your order now to:

American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1947.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

### PRIZES

First Prize ..... \$25.00  
Second Prize ..... 15.00  
Third Prize ..... 5.00  
Ten \$3.00 prizes  
Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

## Liberal Annuity Rates

### ADVANTAGES

No coupons to clip, no papers to sign and mail. You simply receive your checks at stated intervals—that's all there is to it.

Annuity agreements are frequently used to provide for one's or another's future years.

It is no experiment. There is no anxiety. No fluctuations in rate of income. No waste of your estate by a will contest.

\* \* \*

Please write us for further information.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., or the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15.

The Management of our invested funds is a guarantee of the security of these Life Annuities.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY  
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Life	\$500 00	Associate Annual	\$10 00
Sustaining Annual	100 00	Active Annual	5 00
Supporting Annual	50 00	Annual	2 00
Contributing Annual	25 00	Children's	1 00

Since 1832

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THIS SPACE  
CONTRIBUTED

# Help Wanted!

**Y**ES, we do need help—*your help*. We have ambitious plans for the future—plans that will reach into every home and every school, not only to insure better conditions for animals, but to help make a better world for all.

You have no doubt read, in our January issue, of the Rowley School of the Humanities, and, in the February issue, what prominent educators and leaders in the humane field think of the new venture.

For many years our teachers have sought to inculcate into the minds of our young people the principles of kindness and mercy. Now we go a step farther—to the college student and prospective teacher of children. From now on not only our own teachers will be helping to “bend the twig” of childhood character, but, also, all those who have taken part in the new educational venture at Oglethorpe University. Who knows where the movement will stop?

*Yes, we need your help in this project.*

Won't you fill in the membership blank, cut it out and return it to us promptly? We shall be glad to welcome you as an active participant in our Humane Education projects.

## AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

(Incorporated in 1989)

130 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

The Society is national and international in scope, with teachers employed in many states and foreign countries.

I enclose my check for \$ \_\_\_\_\_, to be used by the

Society in its work of Humane Education.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

### MEMBERSHIP RATES

	Life	\$500
Sustaining	Annual	100
Supporting	Annual	50
Contributing	Annual	25
Associate	Annual	10
Active	Annual	5
	Annual	2

All memberships include a year's subscription to OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Contributions to the Society are allowable deductions from income tax returns

We receive no aid from City or State, or from the Community Fund

Please make your check payable to the American Humane Education Society



